

loblolly

John Newton

for Roger Kahle

Brendan Taaffe

Sweet was the time when first I felt___ The_ sav - iour's pard-ning blood
In vain the temp - tor spread his wiles___ The_ world no__ more could charm.
But now when eve - ning shade pre- vails___ My_ soul_ in dark-ness mourns

Ap - plied to cleanse my soul from guilt and bring me home to God.
___ I__ lived u - pon my sa-viour's smiles and leaned u - pon his arm___
___ And when the morn the light re- veals, No__ light to me re- turns___

Soon as the morn the light re vealed___ His prai - ses tuned my tongue
___ In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,___ And_ saw his glo - ry shine___
___ My prayers are all a chat-tring noise___ And Je - sus hides his face___
Now Sat - an threa-tens to pre- vail___ And_ make my soul his prey___